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—Second Floor.

Pettis Dry Goods Co.

HOME DRESSMAKING HINTS.

By MAY MANTON.

Fancy blouses, with big pointed collars that open to reveal contrasting fronts, are among the latest features of the season and have the added merit of suiting almost all figures. This smart design is shown in pompadour silk, showing a white ground, with collar of white taffeta, full front and frills of chiffon and trimming of cream lace and medallions. With it is worn a stock with cravat that matches the waist, but all silks, soft wools and the many charming cotton fabrics are appropriate.

The foundation is a fitted lining that closes at the center front. The waist proper consists of fronts and back and is ar-

4145 Fancy Blouse,
32 to 40 bust.

anged over the foundation, closing invisibly beneath the left front. The back is smooth across the shoulders and drawn down in gathes at the waist line, but the fronts are slightly full at the belt, where they blouse stylishly and becomingly. To the waist is seamed the big ornamental collar. The center front is soft and full, is shirred across with tiny tucks at intervals and finished with a stock collar. The sleeves are in elbow length with soft frills, but these last can be cut longer and converted into puffed under-sleeves of full length gathered at the wrists into straight cuffs of lace, the pattern providing for both styles.

To cut this blouse for a woman of medium size 34 yards of material 31 inches wide, 3 1/2 yards 27 inches wide, 2 1/2 yards 32 inches wide or 2 1/2 yards 44 inches wide will be required, with 2 1/2 yards of chiffon for full front and under-sleeves and 1/2 yard of contrasting material for collar.

The pattern 4145 is cut in size for a 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40-inch bust measure.

PATTERN COUPON

For patterns of garment illustrated above send 10 cents (coin or stamp).

Cut out illustration and inclose it in letter. Write your name and address plainly on back and state number and size wanted. Address

Pattern Dept., The Journal, Indianapolis, Ind.

Allow one week for return of pattern.

THE COURT RECORD.

SUPERIOR COURT.

Recd 1—John L. McMaster, Judge.
Charles Shelling vs. Mollie Shelling; divorce. Dismissed at plaintiff's costs.
Maud Logan vs. Elva Logan; divorce. Submitted. Evidence heard. Finding and decree for plaintiff. Judgment against defendant for costs.

Ellen Taylor vs. Albert Taylor; divorce. Finding and decree for plaintiff, with custody of minor child. Mary Taylor, aged four years. Judgment against defendant for costs.

Room 3—Vinson Carter, Judge.
George W. Offutt, executor, vs. Joseph T. Johnson; dismissed and costs paid.

Advance Savings and Loan Association vs. Charles A. Durr et al.; foreclosure. Dismissed and costs paid.

Sadie Thompson vs. Atlas M. Thompson; note. Dismissed by plaintiff. Judgment against plaintiff for costs.

J. H. Roberts vs. William Kass et al.; contracts. Judgment for plaintiff. Judgment against defendant Koss for \$500 and costs. Judgment for defendant Koss on cross-complaint against Charles S. Lewis et al. for \$1,475.

NEW SUITS FILED.

William H. Henschen vs. Elizabeth Kuster et al.; mechanic's lien. Superior Court, room 2.

Ruby P. Durand vs. Eugene Sauley; recovering Superior Court, room 2.

Rufus J. Stuke vs. Harriet P. Prier et al.; mortgage foreclosure. Circuit Court, room 2.

Mary A. Gilman vs. Joseph P. H. Stanton; to recover money and accounting. Circuit Court, room 2.

Minnie A. Lander vs. Frederick A. Lander; divorce. Superior Court, room 1.

Theresa Green vs. Standard Oil Company; damages. Demand \$2,000. Superior Court, room 2.

HIGHER COURTS' RECORD.

SUPREME COURT.

—Minutes—

1960. William H. Brung vs. John M. Golden, special administrator. Jefferson C. C. Appellee's additional brief. Petition (8).

1972. The Terre Haute & Indianapolis Railroad Company vs. State of Indiana ex rel. William A. Ketcham, attorney general. Marion S. C. Appellee's state of special petition (8).

1978. Howard F. Chappell et al. vs. The Jasper Oil and Gas Company. Jasper C. C. Appellants' reply brief (8).

APPELLATE COURT.

—Minutes—

433. Standard Oil Company vs. Kate Foppiano. Marion S. C. Appellants' dismissal.

346. Gustave A. Efronson vs. May E. Smith. Marion S. C. Appellee's brief. Petition (8).

391. James W. Racer et al. vs. International Building and Loan Association. Jay C. C. Appellants' petition for rehearing. Appellants' brief on petition (8).

353. Antonio Oster vs. George W. Broe et al. Benton C. C. Appellants' application for transfer to Supreme Court.

464. Herman Alderding et al., executors, vs. Irene Allison. Appellants' brief (8).

449. C. I. & L. Railway Company vs. George B. Cunningham, administrator. Washington C. C. Record. Assignment of errors in term of Appellate Court (8).

447. William C. Lancaster et al. vs. Franklin P. McKinley, claimant. C. C. Record. Assignment of errors. Notice.

Next Sunday in Brookside Park the members of the Elks and Exeter county Associations will give their fifth annual picnic. Thomas E. Smiley is president and Mrs. Olive McGraw is secretary of the associations.

NONE BUT THE BRAVE

By HAMBLEEN SEARS.

Previous chapters appeared May 20, 22, 23, 25, 26, 28, June 2, 4, 6. Back copies are kept but thirty days.

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

Merton Balford, of Putnam's division of the Continental Army, starts on an important mission to General Washington along the Hudson river road, when he encounters a coach which has just overturned. He finds a lovely girl in distress and escorts her to an inn. There he encounters a drunken British officer, with whom he fights a duel. The officer is wounded, and his friends make ready to avenge the death of their leader. Balford, who reveals her identity as Deborah Phillips, steps in when the drunken crowd accuses Balford of being a spy, and saves her from a beating. The drunken ruffians insist upon a marriage ceremony, and push forward one of their number, who performs it. Balford secures a horse for the girl, and the couple proceed on their journey. The girl stops at a Tory house, and the soldier continues on his mission. In a forest he overhears voices and then is a witness to the famous conference between Benedict Arnold and Major Andre for the delivery of the plans of West Point. Balford hurries away to tell Washington of the plot, when he is intercepted by an American picket, he is put under arrest and ordered sent to Arnold's headquarters, but he escapes from his guard and pushes on to the headquarters of Washington. When he reaches the house where he left Deborah Phillips, with his men surrounding the house, Balford enters to find his fair companion of the inn standing in the hall. He accuses her of complicity in the plot to rescue Andre. His love for the girl causes him to hesitate. While in the house the British approach, and there is a desperate fight, in which the Americans are victorious. Deborah shoots an English officer who engages in a fight with Balford.

CHAPTER X.

HOW THE MOUSE BECAME A LION.

We left the house with the prisoners as quickly as possible, the dead being buried. And after continuing with the troop up the road for some distance, I turned back on the excuse of having left something.

As I came near the house again my mind misgave me. Would she wait? Would she trust me still? It would take the devil himself to tell her now, but these or four times, I had seen her now but these or four times, and yet I knew at least twenty different humors; and heaven knew how many more she had at her call to do her bidding. Still, she should not have cause to doubt me. I, at least, would keep my word, and so I went on up the walk again to the side door and into the room where we had captured the maid and where the light still burned. Then on into the front hall. Listening a moment and hearing naught, I called her name.

A stifled exclamation came to me through the oak under the stairway, and the panel slid softly back. There was no light, but what worked its way across the back hall from the other room. Yet could I see her as she stepped out from the black hole, saw, too, that she leaned towards me, so that I caught her, or she had been on the floor.

What new mood was this? She was lying in my arms, her head on my shoulder, sobbing with the convulsive gasps of a child! She clung to me till the grip hurt my shoulder.

"What is it, Deborah?" I asked. "Hush! What is it? There's naught wrong now. They're gone, child."

Yet still she sobbed on. For the life of me I could not help it—she seemed so like a child—and I patted her forehead softly and bade her calm herself.

"I cannot! I cannot!" she sobbed. "God help me from such another hour!"

"Why, how should so brave a girl fear a dark corner?"

"Take me away! ah, wilt not take me away from here?"

"Come, now," said I, moving to the back room.

"That man!" she cried in terror, looking up into my face with a frightened gaze. "Is he gone?"

"Long since," said I, as soothingly as I might.

"Is he dead? Did I kill a man?"

"Do not knock your sword my life!" I asked, holding her close. There came a convulsive grip on my shoulder again.

"Thank God! Thank God!" she murmured. "But did I kill a man?"

"No, surely not," said I. Yet the fellow lay in his new-made grave cold and stiffening fast. But he had so wild and crazed a look in her eyes I dared not add to her terror. And so I said I did so, for with a long sigh the nerves relaxed, and I lifted her in my arms and carried her out of the house into the cool morning air and down to the road with never a word nor move from her.

"Was a sweet burden to carry, and, as I moved along she sighed again, in her half-conscious condition, and reaching up one round arm put it about my neck. So could I have carried her a hundred miles. Was it not enough to make the warm blood flow back and forth to your heart? And would not a man give half his days to feel such another slowly throbbing against his coat?"

For the life of me I could not forbear to take the longest way to the gate—twas but a paltry step at the longest.

Come to the roadside, however, and, still holding her, waited in silence for very fear that she might wake and force me to let her go. And then she drew something of a long breath and opened her eyes.

"'Tis quite right here, now," said I. "We be in the road far from the house," and she turned her head slowly, looking up at me, her cheeks touching my coat. And I saw that the fear was gone.

"Why, where are thy nerves, girl?" I cried, with a laugh. Could not a man laugh for very joy of life at such a face, lying close to him, and looking up at him so with never fear nor doubt, but oh, what a world of trouble in the eyes? If indeed there be one who could not, let him get him to a nursery, for he is a fool.

"You will not leave me," she murmured. "God forbid!" said I, fervently. And she moved a bit in my arms and drew another long sigh.

So I sat quiet for a space, Roger gazing down at me in wonder. And after a while she moved again.

"What is it?" said I, softly, for fear of waking her.

"I—I think I can sit up now," she answered.

"No, no," I insisted, "you're much too weak." And no doubt she was.

"I think that—'twere better I should," said she, with a trace of herself creeping into her voice.

"Nay, child," said I again, "twill be a heavy cost to command her, and as the thought grew in my head I held her closer to me, and looked down in her eyes, and said not a word.

"Merton Balford!"

"Aye, 'twas over! There sat Mistress Deborah bolt upright beside me, taking up the tresses of her long hair with hands that might shake a lion, but with no wavering in her face. Still I said not a word. Indeed, I did not like to meet her eye just then.

"I think I shall get up and walk a little,"

came in a constrained voice from her. And she forthwith attempted to rise. But had it not been for a quick grasp from me she would have fallen, and so, with a nervous laugh, she held to my arm again and looked up at me.

"Forgive me, dear friend! You were right. I am as weak as any nervous girl. Indeed, I am ashamed of such faintheartedness."

"Never a trace of faint heart is there about you," I answered, warmly. "But you have had a night that might well strain the nerves of a strong man. Wilt take my arm and walk?"

She looked at me searchingly and made the trial. Then on a sudden she seemed to sink from me, and grasped my arm heavily, murmuring with that strange nervous laugh in her voice:

"I am so sorry, but—but will you—would you help me to—"

And I had my arm about her again; for, indeed, the girl could not stand.

"You are too weak to walk, and you must trust to me as a gentleman—as a friend—as a—"

"Husband?"

"I did not say so."

"You thought it, perhaps?"

"My thoughts are my own, mistress."

"Indeed, sir, I fancied they were any one's who might look on your face!"

"Does my face, then, say I am a villain?"

"O dost not see, stupid," cried she, "how safe I feel with you out of that terrible house? Could I smile and joke, think you, after that, if I were not as free as air—only a little weak and tired?"

And then of a sudden she leaned her head against my shoulder and wept softly, holding my arm tight the while.

"Do not cry so, mistress! Wilt not rest quietly a moment till strength comes to you?"

"You do not understand a woman!" cried she, between sobs. "Go away and leave me—leave me alone!"

What the fend I should do now I could not guess, till I bethought me of a pocket flask of brandy in the saddle, and, laying her quietly by the roadside, I was there and back in a moment and had forced her to take a swallow or two. After that, without more ado, I threw the reins of the two horses over one arm, and picking her up, started down the road for the village, just as the first signs of dawn appeared over the hills.

For a time she lay quiet again, holding me tight by the shoulder; and gradually the strong liquor and her own self-control checked the quiet weeping. Thus, still lying close, she said:

"You must not carry me. 'Tis too great a burden."

"I could carry you to New York and not know it."

"Am I of so little consequence, sir?"

"You are—you are—oh, child, child, you know well what you are, and how little the burden of carrying you weighs me down!"

Indeed, I said it somewhat bitterly, for everything was by the ears, whichever way I might look.

For answer, she moved a little turning her face up to me.

"Where are we going?"

"To the village below here, where you can be warmed by a fire and have some woman to care for you."

"I need no woman to care for me," said she, quickly. "And I am quite satisfied now. But will it please your highness to let me try and walk a bit?"

Setting her down I held her while she felt her own weight, and then finding she could indeed stand, she let me lift her on Roger, and with one hand on my shoulder and the other on the good beast's neck, she rode and I walked into the village, just as the morning rays spread over the land.

"The dear sun," said she, softly. "There it is, as bright and clear as if there had been no dreadful night!" and she added presently, "It seems that we are destined to take early morning jaunts together."

I walked on in silence, still holding her arm.

"Why so silent, sir? Do you not know that my nerves need cheering up? And yet you are as silent as an owl."

"I am thinking what I should be now, if it had not been for your courage last night."

"And is your life so serious a matter as all that?"

"No, 'tis not indeed. And if the fellow had touched me, little would have been missed from the world to-day."

There came a heavier grip upon my shoulder, and looking up I saw her leaning towards me with the new sunlight glittering on something in the eyes that looked earnestly down at me.

"And wilt fall morose, too, because I wept? Pile, how weak and foolish! How like a woman!" And yet I'd sworn 'twas not that she filling eyes said to me.

"Mistress Deborah," said I, taking her hand from my shoulder, "do you care the least how I feel? Dost know what I would say?"

"Aye, sir, you would tell me if this be not the very same village through which we passed but a few days since."

"'Tis the village," quoth I, softly, in some dudgeon.

"Sakes!" cried she, "'tis a pretty town. Why shouldst d—n it, since we may yet breakfast together—there you and I, at our first meal—you and I, the rebel lieutenant and the loyal maid!"

So we rode on into the village, and, stopping at the first house of respectable look, went and found a good woman, who took Mistress Phillips and helped her to arrange her toilet. So I stood by the door, waiting her return, being myself, to tell the truth, worn out with the night's work and the excitement of the past few hours. I stood thus when a horseman came by from the north.

As he drew near, in spite of my own thoughts I could not forbear a smile. For he was the most comical looking bit of humanity it had been my fortune to meet in many a day. The horse was nearer dead than alive, lanky of limb, and seeming to have more corners and angles than the famous Rosinante of the Spanish writer's "Don Quixote"—a fierce looking beast with long teeth and no hair in his tail. Yet he covered the ground, however strange his gait. But the rider looked as he might have come from a powder magazine that had blown him sky high and dumped him all shattered on the earth. He wore no hat and his long hair stood out every way but that which it was intended it should stand, while the poor man's clothes were ripped and torn, and hung in shreds about him. One boot was gone, and the blood on his brow and cheek dried and black. As I say, I could not forbear a laugh at his wild appearance; and then it dawned on me that the man wore the shreds of a colonial blue coat and cavalry uniform. Seeing me he

in the doorway, he pulled up with such a suddenness that I just a shade of embarrassment promptly sat down. Thereupon he dismounted and old Rosinante lay quietly at full length in the road.

"What in the name of the devil have you there, man?" cried I.

"Ye have a colonial dress, sir," said the

poor wretch saluting, but gazing out of his bloodshot eyes suspiciously. "Are ye perchance an American officer?"

"Do ye, then, know aught of one, Lieutenant Balford, Merton Balford?"

"Yes," said I, equally cautious. "And what of him?"

"I have a message for him."

"I am he."

Again he looked at me.

"How am I to know?" he asked.

"I thought a moment and then said: 'Did you meet any American troops going north some hours ago?'"

"Yes, sir, Cavalry, under two officers."

"These officers. Do you know their names?"

"Yes, sir."

"They were Lieutenants Curtis and Action," said I, "and carried British prisoners."

"Your pardon, lieutenant," said he, humbly; and then he grasped the doorknob in evident exhaustion.

"Sit down, man, and say on," said I. He sank down on the step.

"I missed you at the fort, and came on the road above—I met Lieutenant Curtis—he told me you were below at the ferry—before I got there some hellhound fired from the woods and killed my horse—three of them took me—robbed me, by God, sir—saying your presence, sir—got my dispatches and read them, and kept them—I fought them hard, sir, but 'twas no use—and then one of them hit me a crack on the head, and—mayhap they left me for the crows, for when I got to again, there was I by the wayside in the bushes—and I'm not so sure of what I did, but remember getting a farmer to give me that lump of clay over there, and so, with a wan smile, 'so I got on.'"

I picked the poor fellow up, and bade him tell me if he knew the message or who 'twas had sent it.

"I came from Tappan, sir, yesterday."

"From headquarters?" cried I.

"Aye, sir, from the general himself?"

"What was it, man? What was it?"

"'Tis strange, now," he muttered, putting his hand to his head, "I heard that son of well read it but a few hours since."

"Think, man, think!" said I, roughly.

"Yes, yes," cried he, looking up at me.

"'Twas an order from the commander-in-chief—for Lieutenant Balford to report at headquarters at once—aye—at Tappan. Could ye, could ye give me a drink of water, sir?"

Turning to get the drink for him, I saw that Mistress Phillips had heard his message, and I would have given much to read her thoughts then.

"Well done, my man! Come, let me take you in here," and we carried him into the front room, and laid him on a sofa, and gave him his fill of water.

Then, while he lay quiet, I turned to her.

"Will you come to our breakfast?" said she, with a half to herself, "and yet I—I do not have you say otherwise, Nay, I stay here with good Mistress Aphorism—his all arranged half an hour ago—till her husband to-morrow takes me to the Tarrytown lines. Then to home again."

She added, with a sigh, "to home and the misery I tried to avoid." The quaint humor in her was all gone again, and she seemed almost to droop. An unreasonable anger got the better of me that such a condition should exist. This wretched war did naught but deprive me of—aye, of what? What, indeed? I could not for the life of me tell! Maybe chance, maybe naught at all!

"Good-bye, Mistress Phillips," said I, holding out my hand.

"Good-bye, lieutenant," said she, taking it.

And then, somehow, I drew her a little towards me and looked down into her eyes—great, brilliant eyes of brown depth, God forgive me, they were not for me, and I straightened instinctively.

Over the upturned face went a slowly rising rose color, as she said very low:

"'Tis a very weak and unhappy lion—"

"And a desperate mouse," I interrupted.

And so—

Roger went up the road under me, snorting in amazement at the extraordinary pace demanded of him.

[To Be Continued on Wednesday.]

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Looking for Three Men.

The police department was notified by the police of Muncie to be on the look-out for three men who are alleged to have

killed James Lacey and seriously wounded Jacob Grotchell Saturday night. The men started toward Indianapolis riding in a rubber-tire buggy, to which was attached a sorrel horse. The men were seen at Elwood yesterday morning at 4:30 o'clock.

U. C. T. OF A.

Notes of Interest to Traveling Salesmen.

A. A. Stevens will call on his trade through the northeastern part of the State the next few days, and will be at the New Avenue, Fort Wayne, next Sunday.